

Buddha Monk f/ Dungeon Masta, Popa Chief, Silkski

"Watchin' Me"

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[Popa Chief] Stay off the radar, banging with the guitar
Better ya sit to par, Duc Lo in the strip bar I bumped into
this dancing chick and her name was Caviar Only richer
cuz I knew star From the bottom of my shot glass, saw
more than ass Zoom, reaching for his cash or his gun
in his bag Sometimes I feel like somebody's watchin'
me Got a trick for a proof, disappear on the same
slang on 'em Bang on 'em, get ghetto James Bond on
'em I ain't seen nothing, I ain't heard nothing First
thing, don't let 'em know, know last name is nothing
[Dungeon Masta] Eh-yo here's the situation, my name
is Joe Ski Rap niggaz hating, I won't face defeat
Parasites waiting to deflate me of energy Running,
hunting a V, in my vest with no fee Was gonna get the
trees, stay on point for the enemy Death to the
mothafuckas, niggaz ain't shit to me I can't afford to
go back, man Talk so much beef so what you kidnap
him Hogtie him and duct tape him And if you try to
catch me I'm escaping The D.A. don't want me in music
like the way they locked me down in the drug game
[Chorus x2: Buddha Monk] I always feel like
somebody's watchin' me and I ain't got no privacy.. ohh
ohh ohh I always feel like somebody's watchin' me Oh
tell me who can it be? Ohh ohh ohh [Silkski] My
patience is gone, know where is he? An eye for an eye
means a new identity Fingertips cut cuz the feds are
befriending me Fifth to the rib cuz it won't be the end of
me Stash a leaf in the bulletproof Grab the heat in my
shining Brooklyn Zu Sound like my faith is gonna die
from my infrared Cuz we all little shivers or bullets
scared Oriental mocassins cover my feet Skimasks,
vests, black gloves and gold teeth Still scoping a nigga
from across the street But once again, feeling the
agony of defeat [Buddha Monk] I was raised where it's
drawn F.B.I. got taps on our phone, rats in our homes
Slugs worth life time, knife work, three consecutive
nines Fight scenes, grateful for mines I'm Duc Lo,
giving songs of Picasso Still watching my house from
crime mafia boats Now more horsey, more horsey
Partner you ain't got no wins in mi casa Your land of the
dreams ain't nothing but dreams Get up off yo' ass and

get that C.R.E.A.M. M.O.B., nigga, money over bitches
Snitches get lifted, clipped from ya slipping [Chorus]

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